

# CUPID'S NAMIE

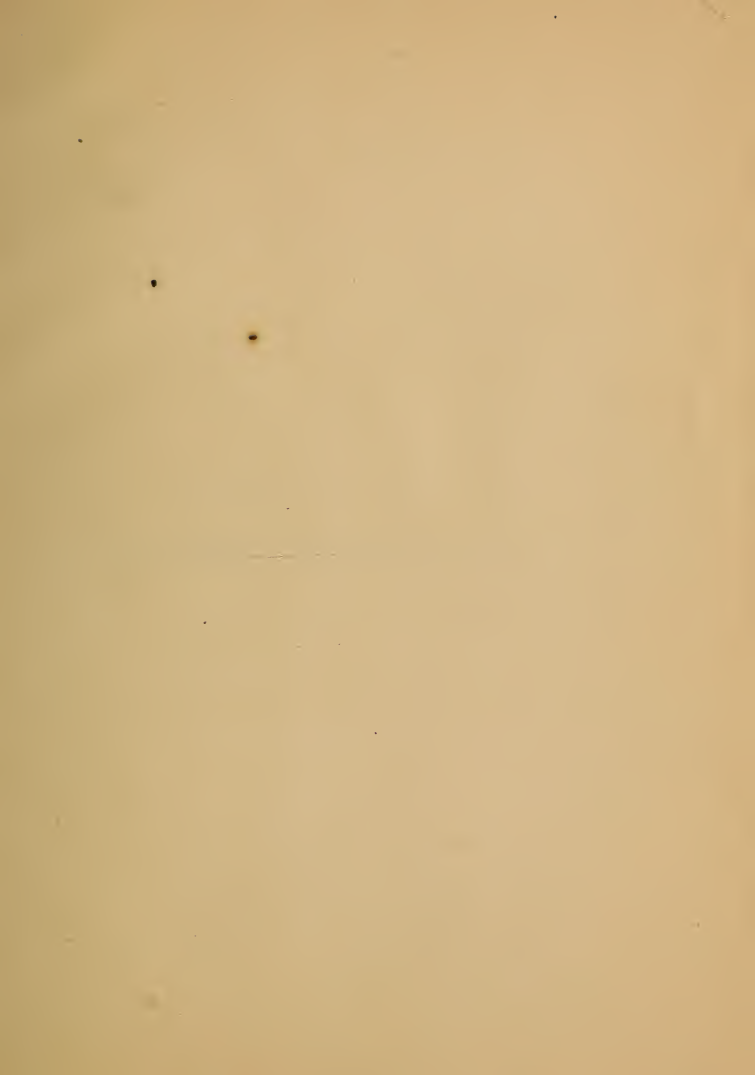


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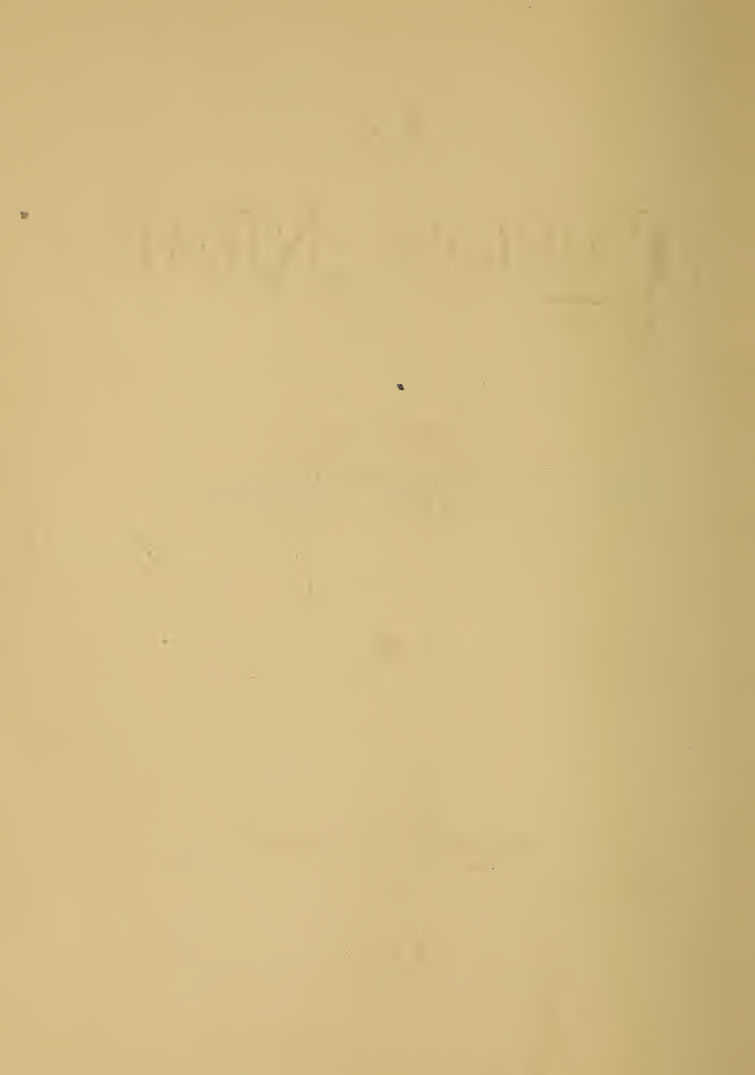




To Thee !  
Thou most improbable she.



IN CUPID'S NAME





# IN CUPID'S NAME

COMPILED BY  
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## IN CUPID'S NAME

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LOVE? I will tell thee what it is to love :—  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous  
dove—

Where time seems young, and life a thing  
divine ; — . . .

Yes, THIS is love — the steadfast and the true,  
The immortal glory which hath never set ;  
The best, the brightest boon that earth ere  
knew—

Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet.

*Charles Swain.*

LOVE looks not with the eye but with the  
mind,

And therefore is wingèd Cupid painted blind.

*Shakspeare.*

LOVE never fails to master what he finds,  
But works a different way in different minds,  
The fools enlightens, and the wise makes  
blind.

*Dryden.*

IT warms me, it charms me,  
To mention but her name :  
It heats me, it beats me,  
And sets me a' on flame.

*Burns.*

TRUE love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heaven.  
It is not fantasy, not fire,  
Whose wishes, soon as granted fly ;  
It liveth not in fierce desire,  
With dead desire it doth not die ;  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

*Scott.*

IT is not often that we really love ;  
We have our frenzies and our ecstacies,  
But that sweet tenderness when storms are past,  
Or when becalmed, we wait the hour of storm,  
This, this is little cared for here on earth !

*Violet Fane.*

O GENTLE Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo : but, else, not for the world.

*Shakspeare.*

ECONOMY in love is peace to nature,  
Much like economy in worldly matter ;  
We should be prudent, never live too fast,  
Profusion will not, cannot last.

*Wolcot.*

'TIS Nature's second sun,  
Causing a spring of virtues where he  
shines ;

And as without the sun, the world's great eye,  
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,  
Are given in vain to man ; so without love  
All beauties bred in women are in vain,  
All virtues born in men lie buried ;  
For love informs them as the sun doth colours :  
And as the sun reflecting his warm beams  
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers ;  
So Love, fair shining in the inward man,  
Brings forth in him the honorable fruits  
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,  
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

*Chapman.*

LOVE he comes, and Love he tarries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries ;  
Longest stays when sorest chidden ;  
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odor to the lily,  
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,  
Then bind Love to last forever.

*Campbell.*

THIS is the very ecstasy of love,  
Whose violent property forebodes itself  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures.

*Shakspeare.*

WHERE waitest thou,  
Lady, I am to love? Thou comest not,  
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot—  
I looked for thee ere now.

Where art thou sweet?  
I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams;  
O gentle promised angel of my dreams,  
Why do we never meet?

*Edwin Arnold.*

A LACK! There lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou  
but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*Shakspeare.*



AH me ! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history —  
The course of true love never did run smooth.

*Shakspeare.*

ALMIGHTY pain to love it is.  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss ;  
But, of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love and love in vain.

*Shakspeare.*

REASON thus with reason fetter :  
Love sought is good, but given unsought  
is better.

*Shakspeare.*

DIDST thou but know the inly touch of Love,  
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with  
snow

As seek to quench the fire of Love with words.

*Shakspeare.*

THE time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light that lies  
In women's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.  
Though wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorned the love she brought me ;  
My only books  
Were women's looks  
And folly all they've taught me.

*Moore.*

LOVE is never outlived completely,  
Is never wasted or thrown away ;  
Some part of it lives and comes back to us  
sweetly,  
Like a strain from a song some day.

---

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
Lives not alone immured in the brain :  
But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as though in every power ;  
And gives to every power a double power  
Above their functions and their offices.

*Shakspeare.*

TO love.  
It is to be all made of sighs and tears,  
It is to be all made of faith and service,  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance.

*Shakspeare.*

COME, gentle night ; come, loving, black-  
brow'd night ;

Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

*Shakspeare.*

AH ! sailing now on sunny seas  
With such a new and dear delight,  
My heart grows light again, and these  
(The days of sadness and of night)  
Seem far behind our golden sails,  
Fill'd with the breath of Love's sweet voice,  
Whilst over sea-bound hills and vales  
I hear the echo'd words : "Rejoice,  
The days of Death are gone and past  
And Life and Love are here at last !"

*Violet Fane.*

YOUNG men fly, when beauty darts  
Amorous glances at their hearts ;  
The fix'd mark gives the shooter aim ;  
And ladies' looks have power to maim ;  
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,  
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies :  
Then fly betimes, for only they  
Conquer love that run away.

*Carew.*

WERE you the earth, dear Love, and I the  
skies,  
My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world  
were done.  
Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,  
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love  
you.

*Joshua Sylvester.*

**H**E that can love unloved again  
Hath better store of love than brain :  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifths fool their love away.

*Aytoun.*

**L**OVE me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste.  
Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold ;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.

---

**A**LL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.

*Coleridge.*

PERDITION catch my soul  
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee  
not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Shakspeare.*

WHAT thing is love, which none can counter-  
vail ?

Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.  
And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,  
As lowest earth doth yield to heaven above,  
Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,  
And can be bought with nothing but with  
self.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

LOVE is a god,  
Strong, free, unbounded ; and, as some  
define,  
Fears nothing, pitieth none : such love is  
mine.

*Mason.*

SUCH is the posie Love composes ;  
A stinging nettle mix'd with roses.

*Brown.*

O HOW this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day ;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

*Shakspeare.*

L OVE is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;  
Being urg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :  
What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, a preserving sweet.

*Shakspeare.*

L OVE'S heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times glide faster than the  
sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over low'ring ills.

*Shakspeare.*



WHY did she love him? Curious fool, be  
still :—

Is human love the growth of human will?

---

LOVE was, to his impassion'd soul,  
Not, as with others, a mere part  
Of his existence, but the whole,  
The very life-breath of his heart.

*Moore's "Loves of the Angels."*

OH! there's nothing half so sweet in life  
As Love's young dream!

*Moore.*

OH! were my love a blossom,  
When summer skies depart,  
I'd plant her in my bosom  
And wear her near my heart.

---

DEAR art thou to me now as in that hour,  
When first love's wave of feeling, spray-  
like, broke  
Into bright utterance and we said we lov'd !  
*Bailey.*

I LOVE thee, and I feel  
That in the fountain of my heart a seal  
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright  
For thee.  
*Shelley.*

I N peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed,  
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
In halls, in gay attire is seen,  
In hamlets, dances on the green.  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And man below, and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love !  
*Scott.*

NOT vernal showers to budding flowers,  
Not Autumn to the farmer,  
So dear can be as thou to me,  
My fair, my lovely charmer.

*Burns.*

HAD we never lov'd so kindly,  
Had we never lov'd so blindly ;  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

*Burns.*

YES, love indeed is light from heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire,  
With angels shar'd, by Allah given  
To lift from earth our low desire.

*Byron.*

**I** FIND she loves him much because she hides it.  
Love teaches cunning even to innocence ;  
And when he gets possession his first work  
Is to dig deep within the heart and there  
Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,  
To feast alone.

*Dryden.*

**L**OVE is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss ;  
Since every other joy, how dear soever,  
Gives way to that and we leave all for love.

*Rowe.*

**L**OVE, why do we one passion call,  
When 'tis a compound of them all ?  
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,  
In all their equipages meet ;  
Where pleasures mixed with pains appear,  
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear.

*Dean Swift.*

LOVE, thou hast every bliss in store,  
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more ;  
Each other every wish they give —  
Not to know love, is not to live.

---

LOVE in a hut with water and crust,  
Is—Lord forgive us!—cinders, ashes,  
dust.

*Keats.*

LOVE is indestructible ;  
Its holy flame forever burneth.  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

*Southey.*

LOVE is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.

*Proverbs.*

LOVE, like death,  
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's  
crook  
Beside the sceptre.

*Lytton.*

LUVV? What's luvv? Thou can luvv thy  
lass an' 'er munny, too,  
Maakin 'em goa together, as they've good  
right to do.

*Tennyson.*

WE have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair ;  
thou art goodly, O Love ;  
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings  
of a dove.

*Swinburne.*

IF love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes  
Green pleasure or gray grief ;  
If Love were what the rose is  
And I were like the leaf.

*Swinburne.*

LOVE me, love, but breathe it low,  
Soft as summer weather ;  
If you love me, tell me so,  
As we sit together.  
Sweet and still as roses blow —  
Love me, love, but breathe it low.

*Joaquin Miller.*

MYSTERIOUS Love, uncertain treasure,  
Hast thou more of pain than pleasure ?  
Endless torments dwell about thee,  
Yet who would live and live without thee ?

*Addison.*

LOVE is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness ;  
'Tis second life ; it grows into the soul,  
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.

*Addison.*

WHEN love's well timed, 'tis not a fault to  
love ;  
The strong, the brave, the virtuous and the wise  
Sink in the soft captivity together.

*Addison.*

LET us love temperately ; things violent last  
not ;  
And too much dotage rather argues folly  
Than true affection.

*Massinger.*

ANSWER me : Peace or Love ?  
Which do you take for your part ?  
Choose one or the other hereof,  
You cannot have both, O heart !

*Home.*



LOVE, let us love ! For love and life and  
death—

What else?—we know are real ; and as we  
must

By Nature's force, both hold and yield our  
breath,

So let us take, not forced, but as in trust,  
Upon ourselves the third reality,  
And love so long as love, life, death shall be.

*Bourdillon.*

LOVE knoweth every form of air,  
And every shape of earth,  
And, comes, unbidden, everywhere,  
Like thought's mysterious birth.

*Willis.*

'TIS the angels' joy ; the gods' delight ; man's  
bliss.

'Tis all in all : without love, nothing is.

*Heath.*

LOVE'S of a strangely open simple kind,  
And thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is  
blind.

*Cowley.*

LOVERS' heralds should be thoughts  
Which ten times faster than the sunbeams,  
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

*Shakspeare.*

A CLAPPING is not made with one hand  
alone ;  
Your love, my beloved, must answer my  
own.

---

THE proverb holds that to be wise and love,  
Is hardly granted to the gods above.

*Dryden.*

CUPID and my Sweetheart played  
At cards for kisses. Cupid paid.  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;  
Loses them, too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on his cheek, but none knows how ;  
With these the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin : —  
All these did my fair lady win.  
At last he set her both his eyes ;  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love, has she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas, become of me ?

*Lilly.*

AH, sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

*Aldrich.*

O, MY love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June ;  
O, my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

*Burns.*

PERHAPS it was right to dissemble your  
love ;  
But why did you kick me down stairs?

*Kemble.*

SILENCE in love betrays more woe  
Than words, though ne'er so witty ;  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
May challenge double pity.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

FOOL, not to know that Love endures no tie,  
And Jove but laughs at lover's perjury.  
*Dryden.*

IF you become a nun, dear,  
The bishop Love will be ;  
The Cupids every one, dear,  
Will chant, "we trust in thee !"  
The incense will go sighing,  
The candles fall a-dying,  
The water turn to wine :  
What ! you go take the vows, my dear ?  
You may—but they'll be mine.  
*Leigh Hunt.*

OVER the mountains  
And over the waves ;  
Under the fountains  
And under the graves ;  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey ;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way.

---

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?  
Tell me how many thoughts there be  
In the atmosphere  
Of a new-fallen year,  
Whose white and sable hours appear  
The latest flake of Eternity;  
So many times do I love thee, dear.

*Beddoes.*

OH, happy words! At beauty's feet  
We sing them ere our prime;  
And when the early summers pass,  
And Care comes on with Time,  
Still be it ours, in Care's despite,  
To join the chorus free:  
"I love my Love because I know  
My Love loves me."

*Mackey.*

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,  
the dove,  
The linnet, and thrush say : " I love and I love !"  
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud  
song.  
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm  
weather,  
And singing and loving,—all come back together.  
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,  
" I love my Love and my Love loves me."

*Coleridge.*

T'OTHER day, as I was twining  
Roses for a crown to dine in,  
What of all things, midst the heap,  
Should I light on, fast asleep,  
But the little desperate elf,  
The tiny traitor, Love himself !  
By the wings I pinched him up  
Like a bee, and in a cup  
Of my wine I plunged and sank him ;  
And what d'ye think I did ?—I drank him !  
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !  
There he lives with tenfold glee ;  
And now, this moment, with his wings,  
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

*Leigh Hunt.*

HOW does Love speak ?  
In the faint flush upon the telltale cheek,  
And in the pallor that succeeds it ; by  
The quivering lid of an averted eye —  
The smile that proves the parent to a sigh,  
Thus doth Love speak.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



HOW do I love thee? Let me count the  
ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and  
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's  
faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints,—I love thee with the  
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God  
choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean;  
The winds of heaven mix forever,  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle: —  
Why not I with thine?

*Shelley.*

ONE star is the type of the glory of heaven;  
A shell from the beach whispers still of  
the sea;  
To a rose all the sweetness of summer is given;  
A kiss tells what living and loving might be.

*Mary Louise Ritter.*

I LOVE thee, I love but thee!  
With a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold*  
*And the stars are old,*  
*And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!*  
*Bayard Taylor.*

AH, how sweet it is to love !  
Ah, how gay is young desire !  
And what pleasing pains we prove  
When we first approach Love's fire !  
Pains of love are sweeter far  
Than all other pleasures are.

*Dryden.*

BLEST be Love, to whom we owe  
All that's bright and fair below ;  
Song was cold and painting dim,  
Till song and painting learned from him.

*Moore.*

“O SWEET,” he said, “this thing is even  
love,  
Whereof I told thee ; that all wise men fear,  
But yet escape not ; nay, to gods above,  
Unless the old tales lie, it draweth near.”

*Morris.*

LOVE born in hours of joy and mirth,  
With mirth and joy may perish ;  
That to which darker hours gave birth  
Still more and more we cherish.

*Barton.*

L EARN to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high,  
Bravely, as for life or death,  
With a loyal gravity.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true as wives of yore ;  
And her *yes*, once said to you  
Shall be Yes for evermore.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

O UT upon it. I have loved  
Three whole days together ;  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather.

*Suckling.*

M Y true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given :  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven :  
My true-love hath my heart and I have his.

*Sidney.*

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below,  
Which by experience doth not folly prove ;  
But among all the follies that I know,  
The sweetest folly in the world is love.

*Aytoun.*

WE love but once. The great gold orb of  
light  
From dawn to eventide doth cast his ray ;  
But the full splendor of his perfect might  
Is reached but once throughout the livelong day.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

HIS words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart ;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Shakspeare.*

INDEED, this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to  
brow,

Doth crown me with a ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,—  
This love even, all my worth to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were  
crossed,

And love called love. And thus I cannot speak  
Of love even as a good thing of my own.  
Thy soul has snatched up mine, all faint and  
weak,

And placed it by thee on a golden throne;  
And that I love (O, Soul, we must be meek !)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one?  
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes  
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize  
The worship of that Love through thee made  
known?  
Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone),  
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies  
Thy twilight-hidden, glimmering visage lies,  
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?  
O, love, my love! if I no more should see  
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring, —  
How, then, should sound upon life's darken-  
ing slope  
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of  
Hope,  
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

SPRING sits on her nest,—  
Daisies and white clover ;  
And my heart at rest  
Lies in the Spring's young nest.  
My Love, she loves me best,  
And the frost is over.  
Spring sits on her nest,—  
Daisies and white clover.

*George MacDonald.*

THEN love me, my Desire, my Wonder,  
Through change of world and weather !  
Our hearts may louder beat asunder  
Than when they throb together.

*Gosse.*



LOVE is not a feeling to pass away,  
Like the balmy breath of a summer day ;  
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside ;  
It is not a thing to forget or hide.  
It clings to the heart—ah, woe is me !—  
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

*Charles Dickens.*

SWIFT speedy Time, feathered with flying  
hours,  
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow ;  
Then do not thou such treasures waste in  
vain,  
But love now, whilst thou mayst be loved  
again.

*Daniel.*

L OVE, flooding all the creeks of my dry soul,  
From which the warm tide ebb'd when I  
was born,  
Following the moon of destiny, doth roll  
His slow, rich wave along the shore forlorn,  
To make the ocean-God and me one whole.

So, shuddering in its ecstasy, it lies,  
And, freed from the tangle of the ebb,  
Reflects the waxing and the waning skies,  
And bears upon its panting breast the web  
Of night and her innumerable eyes.

Nor can conceive at all that it was blind,  
But trembling with the sharp approach of  
love,  
That, strenuous, moves without one breath  
of wind,  
Gasps, as the wakening maid, on whom the  
dove  
With folded wings of deity declined.

She in the virgin sweetness of her dream  
Thought nothing strange to find her vision  
true ;  
And I thus bathed in living rapture deem  
No moveless drougt my channel ever  
knew,  
But rustled always with the murmuring  
stream.

*Gosse.*

A HEART—to lay at the feet of My Love !  
To leave it there in its simple truth,  
Not for a day, not for a day,  
Strong to endure when the heat of youth  
And cold mid-age shall have passed away,—  
Such heart I lay at the feet of My Love !

*Hamilton Aide.*

MINE to the core of the heart, My Beauty !  
Mine, all mine ; and for Love, not duty —  
Love given willingly, full and free,  
Love for Love's sake, as mine to thee.  
Duty's a slave that keeps the keys ;  
But Love, the master, goes in and out  
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout  
Just as he please, — just as he please.

*Dinah Maria Mulock-Craik.*

WHO have loved and ceased to love, forget  
That ever they loved in their lives they  
say ;  
Only remember the fever and fret,  
And the pain of Love, that was all his pay ;  
All the delight of him passes away  
From hearts that hoped, and from lips that  
met —  
Too late did I love you, my love, and yet  
I shall never forget till my dying day.

*Lang.*

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,  
Nor do not use set colours for to wear ;  
Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,  
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,  
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the  
moan  
Of them who in their lips Love's standard  
bear :  
What, he ! say they of me : now, I dare  
swear  
He cannot love. No, no, let him alone —  
And think so still, so Stella know my mind !  
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art ;  
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall  
find —  
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.  
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers  
prove —  
They love indeed who quake to say they love.

*Sidney.*

LOVE is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears.  
What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

*Shakspeare.*

COME hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,  
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;  
For such as I am, all true lovers are —  
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
Save in the constant image of the creature  
That is beloved.

*Shakspeare.*

OH, how this Spring of Love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day,  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away !

*Shakspeare.*

HOPE is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

*Shakspeare.*

TO keep one sacred flame  
Through life unchilled, unmoved ;  
To love in wintry age, the same  
As first in youth we loved ;  
To feel that we adore  
Ev'n to such fond excess  
That, though the heart would break with more,  
It could not live with less, —  
This is love, faithful love,  
Such as saints might feel above.

*Thomas Moore.*

O FAIRER than the field, than the whole  
earth,  
Would that thy lover's coming in thy sight  
Were as the rain-cloud to a land of dearth,  
Were as the morning to a world of night !

*Bourdillon.*

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
Oh, no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.  
It is the star to every wandering bark  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height  
be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out, ev'n to the edge of doom.  
If this be error, and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*Shakspeare.*



LOVE'S feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;  
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in  
taste:

For valor, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtile as sphinx ; as sweet and musical  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write  
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs ;  
Oh, then his lines would ravish savage ears  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

*Shakspeare.*

EACH on his strict line we move,  
And some find death ere they find love,  
So far apart their lives are thrown  
From the twin soul that halves their own.

*Matthew Arnold.*

THIS I say of me, but think of you, Love !  
This to you,—yourself, my moon of poets !  
Ah, but that's the world's side—there's the  
wonder—

Thus they see you, praise you, think they know  
you.

There in turn I stand with them and praise you,  
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it ;  
But the best is when I glide from out of them,  
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,  
Come out on the other side, the novel  
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,  
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

*Browning.*

AS separate streams may, blending, ever roll  
In course united, so of soul to soul  
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

As molten metals mingle ; as a chord  
Swells sweet in harmony,—when Love is Lord  
Two hearts are one, as letters form a word.

One heart, one mind, one soul and one desire,  
A kindred fancy and a sister fire  
Of thought and passion—these can Love inspire.

*Chambers's Journal.*

THEY draw to each other ; they flow together in one,  
Together thro' all lands beneath the sun,  
In one attempted stream, or side by side,  
So near that scarce a footpace may divide  
Their separate depths, and this maybe is best ;  
Or maybe in each other lost,  
In calm or tempest-tost,  
One broad, full river, they roll on to the sea.

*Lewis Morris.*

SITTING in my window,  
Pointing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god  
(I thought, but it was you) enter our gates.  
My blood flew out and back again as fast  
As I had prest it forth, and sucked it in  
Like breath ; then I was called away in haste  
To entertain you. Never was a man  
Heaved from a sheepcote to a sceptre raised  
So high in thoughts as I ; you left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you forever. I did hear you talk  
Far above singing ; after you were gone  
I grew acquainted with my heart and searched  
What stirred it so. Alas ! I found it Love.

*Francis Beaumont.*

I INTO my heart a silent look  
Flashed from thy careless eyes ;  
And what before was shadow, took  
The light of summer skies.  
The first-born Love was in that look ;  
The Venus rose from out the deep  
Of those inspiring eyes.

*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

## MY LOVE AND I.

### I.

I DREAMED, last night, that we were afloat,  
My love and I, in a fairy boat ;  
The troubles of life we had risen above,  
And had naught to do save to dream of love.

### II.

The crescent moon was our fairy boat ;  
On the soft, white clouds we seemed to float,  
While far in our wake the Milky Way  
A gleaming flood of glory lay.

### III.

My oar-blades rose and fell in the tide,  
Scattering moonbeams on every side ;  
Happier far than the gods were we  
To float on that boundless, starry sea.

### IV.

Music divine fell from above,  
Whose every note was a breath of love ;  
A discord rough on the music broke,  
The glory vanished, and — I awoke.

V.

Yes, woke to the old, hard-working life,  
With its endless worry and toil and strife ;  
But through the darkness shines one gleam,—  
The memory of that golden dream.

VI.

And oftentimes as I close my eyes,  
Once more I am back in Paradise ;  
Once more my love and I are afloat  
On the fleecy clouds, in our fairy boat.

*Albert Payson Terhune.*













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